

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other.
Tis well *Lavinia* that thou hast no handes,
For handes to doe Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sifter, who hath martred thee.

Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence.
Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery care.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?

Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead :

For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuironed with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes :
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer than my soule.

Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me : what shall I doe,
Nowe I behold thy liuely body so ?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

of *Titus*

When I did name her brother
Stoode on her cheekes, as do
Vpon a gathered Lillie almo

Marcus. Perchance she
Perchance, because shee kno

Titus. If they did kill thy
Because the Law hath tane r
No, no, they would not doe
Witnes the sorrow that their
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kisse t

Or make some signe how I r
Shall thy good Vncle, and th
And thou and I sit rounde a
Looking all downewards to

How they are staine in Mea
With mierie slime left on the
And in the Fountaine shall v
Till the fresh taste be taken f

And made a brine pit with o
Or shall we cut away our har
Or shall we bite our tongues
Passe the remainder of our h
What shall we doe ? let vs tha
Plot some deuise of further m
To make vs wondred at in tir

Luci. Sweet father cease yo
See how my wretched sifter f

Mar. Patience deere Nee

Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*
Thy napkin cannot drinke a
For thou poore man hast dro

Lucius. Ah my *Lavinia*, I v

Titus. Marke *Marcus*, m
Had she a tongue to speake, r

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